A PASSIONATE

SATYR

Upon a Devilliſh Great

HE-WHORE

That lives yonder at

ROME.

1679

A Pox on the Pope, with his damn'd bald Pate,
What a ſtir hath this Toad made here of late;
Such a Noiſe and a horrible Clamour
Is here with this Whore, a Plague of God on her.
Muſt Majeſty fall and wallow in Blood
For a Whore's Quarrel that's not worth a Turd?
Muſt the Kingdom and State be at a loſs,
Leave their ſweet Peace to lye under a Croſs?
Muſt Church and Church-men be expoſed to ſcorns,
Toſt up and down by a Beaſt with ten Horns?
Muſt Chriſtians that know no more but one God
Worſhip ten thouſand, or be ſcourg'd with a Rod?
Muſt Beads, and a Croſs, and a Relique from *Jone*,
Make us fall down to Prayers right or wrong?
Muſt Hobgoblin Maſs, that's learn'd of Old-Nick,
Complement God for the Well and the Sick?
Muſt Water bleſs'd by a Conjuring Monk
Scoure away Sins from a Pockyfi'd Punk?

Muſt

Must Souls be pray'd out, the Devil hath got,
At so much *per* Mass, else there they must rot?
Must Sinners be sav'd by Old Sinning Gulls?
I'll no're beg your Pardon, those are damn'd Bulls.
Must We, *Canibal* like, eat up our God,
Or else must We not in Heaven have aboad?
Must Fire and Wood burn all that won't bow,
Worship S. *Doll*, and the Devil knows who?
Must Ignorance be our Guide to Glory,
Then Heaven I'm sure is but an old Story.
Must all Men be blind that open their Eyes,
That Priests may do what they please with their Wives?
Must killing of Kings, and Princes to boot
Be Marks that the Pope is sound at the Root?
Must a Conclave of Rogues, and *Jesuit* Priests,
Perswade all the World to worship the Beast?
Must the Pope order all by Sea and by Land,
Who must turn out, and who is to stand?
Must those be intrusted that swear and receive
Whate're you impose, that they may deceive?
Must *Judas* be saved that eat of the Sop?
No, by the Mass, he deserved the Rope;
Must such be employed at Sea and at Shore,
That would subvert all to set up the Whore?
Must those be good that designed to seem such?
Who in Parliament time subscribed to the Church:
Must We all be undone by a damn'd Popish Crew,
Some that is about us, and some We ne're knew?
Must the King and his Friends see and know this,
And yet be advised that nothing's amiss?
Must this be the Trap, then the Devil take it,
Our Hogs We've brought to a blessed Market.

FINIS.